

THE POSSUM DINNER

A THANKSGIVING DAY POEM

By Goodloe Thomas

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NOW, eb'rybody ought to know dey's welkim as kain be,
So pitch right in an' he'p yo'selbs to eb'ryting yo' see.
Jes' staht dem biskits goin' round, fo' dat's yo' job, ol' man,
An' chase dem wif de sweet pertaters quick 's dey leab yo' han'.
(Now, Mose, yo' show yo' mannahs 'fo' dese folks, er Ah tell yo'
Daih'll be a chile go hongry, an' he'll git a lickin' too).
Heah, Once Dan, is de possum meat—Ah's lookin' aftah dat—
An' heah's a piece espah'ly youahs, all brown an' streaked wif fat.

WHA'S dat—de graby? Don't yo' fret; it's comin' right up daih,
An' sich! W'y, dat air possum fat enough, I do declaih,
To mek enough er graby fo' de ma'chin' Isrulties.
Heah, Rev'end Mistah Ferguson, be suah yo' gets yo' rights.
De smell am sweet! W'y, man, yo' tas' an' den I bet yo' shout
An' mek de neighbors wondah wha' de fuss am all about.
Heah's little Eph. Now, chile, I's sated yo' sumpin' nice an' sweet.
Wha's dat? Good lan'! Dis boy is sayin' he don' lak possum meat.



"NOW FO' DE POSSUM DINNER"

HE saize he don' lak possum meat, an' him a son o' mine!
Now, honey, tuh'n to all dese folks an' knowledge up yo's lyin'.
Mek out 'tuz jes' a li'l joke to aggrivate yo' ma,
Or, 'clar' to goodness, Ah's jes' boun' to whup yo' till yo's raw!
Yo' speak de trufe, yo' li'l imp! Den wha's yo' doin' heah
A-settin' up wif niggah folks to mek yo'se'f appeah
A niggah, too, when eb'ry one kain tell, in spite youah black,
Dat tuh'nin' 'way f'um possum meat yo' ain't de hones' fack?

WELL, dere, yo' pa saize nebbah min', bekaze yo's such a mite;
Dat 'tain't youah fault yo' sum'ays missed youah nachul appetite.
Hol' out yo' plate; dere's plenty mo' to fill a chile lak yo'.
De good Lawd mek yo' suhtain ways, Ah sponse, dat's got to do.
But, lan'! Ah's 'feared yo' grow up wrong an' mebbe be a shame
To all de cullahd circle an' de 'spected fam'ly name.
Fo' ebbah sence Ah's ol' enough to stan' upon ma feet
Ah's 'pishoned any niggah dat would tuh'n f'um possum meat.

THE SWINEHERD.

Individuals may hold the opinion that the smooth type of hog is the most profitable on account of the ease with which he puts his meat and is early maturing qualities. It is true that 80 or 100 per cent of the smooth who feed hogs for market raise a larger type, showing a little more size and power, a little more ruggedness, then the smooth type. The view of the majority ought to be considered in regard to influence upon their breeding operations. We have no form of feed with the quality as applied to swine. The more of it we can get the better, and yet there is good reason for not sacrificing so in order to get quality. Swine Growers.

Troubles of the Piglets.

The young pig will not live long before it will be troubled with worms. Some are not troubled to the extent that is sometimes, and others so badly that it is necessary to use the best of appetite, and in the case of the latter, and in the general unhealthy condition. The diarrhea that often appears in pigs of from six to twelve weeks old is almost always caused by worms, and when they are destroyed the

trouble disappears at once. Worms are the cause of more troubles in pigs and young hogs than is often supposed. They get sick and die and we call it something else, when the truth is that worms did it. For treatment we have found nothing better than nantonine. Take one ounce, dissolve in warm water, mix with slop and feed to seventy-five to a hundred head of pigs, depending on the age of the pigs. Feed it the first thing in the morning and repeat the dose in three or four days.—Harvey Jordan.

Spraying Hogs.

A hog covered with lice cannot do good work in the feed lot. I have tried different kinds of remedies. At present I use the knapsack sprayer and spray hogs with crude oil. It does not take so much help, which these days is quite an item. If the pigs are thoroughly infested with lice, it is well to spray them two or three times, and after that spray once in six weeks.—F. G. Stone.

Kept Busy.

One of the contemporary poets asks: "Where are the bright girls of the past?" Our own observation is that some of them are administering caution doses of paregoric to the bright girls of the future.

Price of His Treason.
Benedict Arnold died in London June 14, 1801. His life after his treason was a most unhappy one. He was avoided by men of honor and on many occasions deliberately insulted. He received a considerable sum of money from the British government and made several unsuccessful attempts to engage in business in British America and the West Indies and finally returned to London, where he died in obscurity. His second son, born in 1780, entered the British army in 1798, served with credit in many parts of the world and three years before his death in 1854 was made a lieutenant general.—Household Companion.

Newton's Telescope.

Newton's telescope is a clumsy looking instrument, nine inches in length two inches in aperture and capable of magnifying thirty-eight times. It was entirely made by Newton himself, who first exhibited it before the Royal Society in 1671, and more than 100 years later his successor in the presidency of the society laid before George III. Sir William Herschel's scheme for making a telescope on Newton's plan, to be forty feet in length and four feet in aperture.—Fall Mail Gazette.

Financial Expedient.

Shoeblick—Shine, sir? Four sons? Passerby—No, thank you. Shoeblick—Two sons? Passerby—No. Shoeblick—For nothing, then? Passerby—All right, if you like. Shoeblick (after having finished one shoe)—It's 6 sons to clean the other, sir.—Now Lotsirs.

EMPEROR AT THE PLOW.

Peculiarities of China's Thanksgiving Celebration.

In China at the beginning of winter a thanksgiving festival is held in which the deities are especially thanked for the preservation of life and health during the preceding twelve



THE EMPEROR OPENS SEVERAL FURROWS

months. Offerings are presented on the family altar, and the ceremony is brought to a close by a grand dinner at which all members of the family can partake. The feasting and rejoicing are kept up for days.

On the fifteenth day of the first moon the emperor of China goes in great state to a certain field, accompanied by the chief officers of his household, and prostrates himself, touching the ground nine times with his head in honor of the god Tien, and pronounces a prayer invoking the blessing of the great being. Then as high priest of the empire he sacrifices a bullock to heaven as the fountain of all good.

While the victim is being offered a plow drawn by a pair of highly ornamented oxen is brought to the emperor, who throws aside his imperial robe, lays hold of the plow handles and opens several furrows. The principal mandarins follow his example, and the festival, which is really a species of thanks in advance for good harvests, ends with a distribution of clothes and money to the poor.

"RABBIT HUNTING DANCE."

Odd Thanksgiving Festival Held by the Pueblo Indians.

The "rabbit hunting dance" of the Pueblo Indians at Zuni, Acoma, Taos and Isleta is a festival contemporaneous with that of the white man. In the dance the Indians give thanks and pray for future favors. The chief of each village designates a day in November for the festival, and the dancers, who are dressed in white cotton shirts and pantaloons and carry guns, chant and dance as long as breath and strength remain. They begin at daylight and after a pause for food at noon continue dancing far into the night. They pray fervently that the Great Spirit may give them power to slay plenty of rabbits and other game and also thank him for the game, the crops and the rain of the season past.

THE WIDOW and THE WIDOWER

A THANKSGIVING EPISODE

By Caspar Dullon

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DEACON SILAS LAPHAM, widower, had been paying attentions to Aunt Sarah Henderson, widow, for two years. Each heard that the other was stubborn, and each was watching and waiting for the other to exhibit the trait. Thanksgiving brought the crisis. The widow invited the deacon to dinner. There was no question about the deacon taking the head of the table, but when the matter of carving came up the widow took knife and fork in hand and said:

"I can do it so much better than you, you know."

"I fail to see how or why," he replied.

"Because I have always carved. It was an eccentricity of mine even when I was a girl. No doubt you can slice ham or pork, but when it comes to carving a turkey—"

"I have carved thousands of them,

the deacon as he got on his overcoat.

The widow ate her Thanksgiving dinner alone, but that turkey was never carved to form a part of it. After the deacon's departure she returned to the carving knife and eventually managed to saw off a piece of the meat, but she had no sooner tasted it than she started for the kitchen to interview the hired girl.

"It was three or four days before the mystery was solved, for there was a mystery. The turkey, which had been killed three or four days ahead of time and hung up to freeze, had been cut down and devoured by cats, and to save himself from reproof the hired man had killed a peacock and hung it in its place.

"And so you see I had to saw and jab," explained the widow as the widower was sent for.

"Y-e-a, I see."



"THERE—YOU ARE JABBING AGAIN!"

as you must know," interrupted the deacon, with considerable asperity. "Don't jab the fork into the bird like that. That's like a hired man jabbing a pitchfork into a heap of hay."

"I was not jabbing. In order to start carving you must get a firm hold of the bird."

"Then take it by a leg."

"Never! How would you look holding the bird with one hand while you sliced away with the knife? If you have always carved that way—"

"I have, and it's the only way to carve. There—you are jabbing again! One would think you were a soldier bayoneting an enemy."

"Deacon Silas Lapham, you are talking like a child! When I think I need to be told how to carve a turkey I will call on you for advice. I simply get a firm hold with the fork and then—"

"And then jab, jab, jab. A woman has no business with the carving knife and fork when there is a man present. I will carve this turkey."

"I beg your pardon, but you will sit there and see me carve it. Don't forget that I am in my own house and that I am still my own boss."

"You invite me to dinner and then humiliate me, do you?" shouted the deacon as he shoved back his chair.

"Now, don't be a schoolboy," chided the widow as she flourished the knife around. "Having got a firm hold with the fork, I now proceed to cut around the thigh joint—thus."

"But you are sawing instead of cutting."

"No, I'm not."

"Widow Henderson?"

"Deacon Lapham?"

"If I was a swearing man—"

"You'd get off a swear word on this occasion. Yes, you look as if you were swearing to yourself this minute."

"I hain't sworn a single swear, but when a man has to sit here and see a Thanksgiving turkey jabbed and poked and stabbed and sawed and butchered the Lord would surely forgive him for one or two swear words."

"Deacon Silas Lapham," she replied as she rested from her labors, "I said I could carve a fowl."

"Then why don't you?"

"I am doing it, and if you would keep quiet for five minutes I—"

"This is too much, widow—too much!" said the deacon as he started for his evercoat and hat. "You invite me here and then insult me. I heard about your obstinacy!"

